The Sketch

No. 2562—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

TRANSATLANTIC AMBASSADOR—
A.T.S. CHIEF MRS. JEAN KNOX.

Efficient and youthful A.T.S. Chief Controller MAJOR-GENERAL JEAN KNOX *is back from her visit to Canada and the U.S.A. In Canada she helped in the formation of the Canadian Women's Army Corps—the Dominion's A.T.S. equivalent—and in the U.S.A., where she was a three-days guest at the White House, she described the work of England's women, and inspected the American W.A.A.C.s. The A.T.S. had its fourth birthday last September, and Mrs. Knox has been at its head since July.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH.]

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

We Take Off Our Hat—— " For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head because of the angels. . . . Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him ? But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her : for her hair is given her for a covering." Thus spake St. Paul unto the Corinthians, and learned persons have been disputing ever since what he meant. Who are " the angels," and why does a woman need " power " on her head against them ? Why should long hair be a shame to a man (it wasn't to Samson, I seem to remember) and a glory to a woman ? If this be so, we have strayed far indeed from apostolic teaching; artists, musicians and many of our brightest young intellects have gloried in their shame, while the bob, the crop and the shingle have shorn woman of all true womanhood and left her powerless for or against the angels. These are dark matters, and I leave them to the pundits ; but, anyhow, the upshot has been, for many centuries, that a man must take his hat off, and a woman must keep her hat on, in a Christian church. And now, by *ex cathedra* authority, she is to be allowed to go to church unhatted.

" This is what comes of the zoning of fish ! "

DRAWN BY VICKY.

" Isn't It a Nobby One ? " It was bound to come. Sooner or later, apostles or no apostles, angels or no angels, women were certain to revolt against the tyranny of headgear. One has long marvelled at it. It is obvious to any man that, however good a woman's taste may be, it is only a sporting chance whether or not she chooses a becoming hat. Again and again one has wanted to say to a woman, otherwise admirably turned out : " For God's sake, take that hat off ! " No woman is ever *quite* sure whether her hat is a success or not ; half the time she has chosen it in desperation and without conviction as a *pis aller*. And, poor dear, it is not her fault, because it may be the season for pill-boxes, or pork-pies, or soup-plates, and though pill-boxes, pork-pies and soup-plates may be disastrous to her style, there is nothing else to be had that season. If St. Paul could have seen some of the things which women have had to wear in church and elsewhere, I suggest, with reverence, that he might have revised his views.

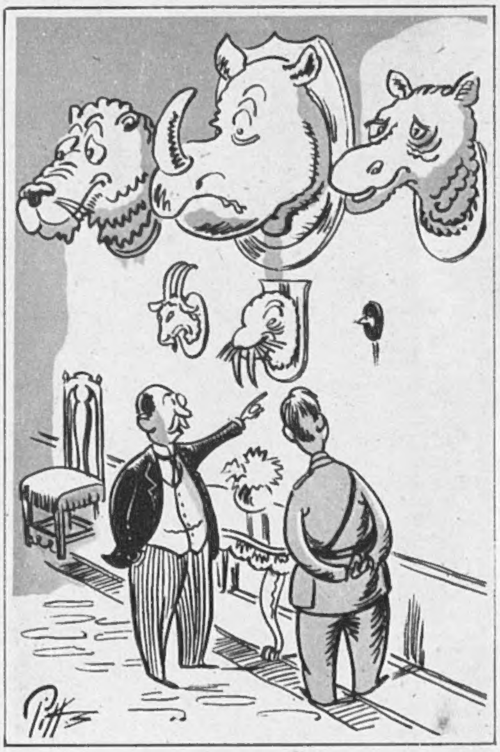
" I did 'ear the Censor saw this picture twenty times before 'e passed it ! "

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Attrition. " Periods " in millinery have been astounding. Though I cannot quite go back to the cones, scaffoldings and sky-scrapers of the Middle Ages, I am sorry to say that I can remember a time when women wore " sailor " hats cocked forward on a thing called a " bun," which I really do not think the Apostle would have classified under the head of " glory." Then there have been periods when hats ran to aviaries, spinneys, coverts, herbaceous borders and far-flung " pictures," which involved an agonising struggle against the slightest breath of wind. The gradual but irresistible tendency has been to reduce the area of " power," until it has become a settled principle that the price of a hat is in inverse ratio to the material used. Austerity has done the rest, until now a woman's hat consists of a mere bandage, humorously described as a " turban." The bandage may soon become a ribbon, and the ribbon a mere vestigial survival. Will women ever go back to their slavery, or will they follow the example of leaders of fashion like Helen of Troy—or, for that matter, Aphrodite herself—who, so far as history records, never wore a hat in their lives ? We shall see, when peace and plenty return. For myself, I fear the worst.

As Pants the Heart.

Shall we soon see women going to church not only with flowing tresses, but with flowing trousers ? For all I know, they may do so already ; for now that half our ecclesiastical dignitaries are politicians and economists, it cannot be said that the Church does not move with the times. This particular movement, however, has certain dangers. The other day a young man was convicted of driving without due care and attention. His defence was that his gaze had been momentarily diverted by a young woman in slacks walking beside the road—in other words, that although there was care, and almost excessive attention, they were not " due " within the meaning of the Act. The magistrates, with heavy hearts, felt it necessary to impose a fine, but found that, in the circumstances, there was a " special reason " for not endorsing the licence. It is not stated whether there were any women magistrates on the Bench at the time ; nor is it on record whether the " special reason " which weighed with their Worships (and even more with the driver) was slacks in general, this particular pair of slacks, or the particular wearer of the particular



" I bagged this one while he was nibbling our cheese ration ! "

DRAWN BY PITTS.

slacks. Whichever be the true explanation, this is a new and perturbing highway danger. Altogether, slacks and slackers are causing painful incidents nowadays—as when a young man in mufti (being an officer on leave) entered a bus the other day. A severe, elderly spinster, observing his civilian clothes, exclaimed: "Slacker!" "Slacker yourself!" he retorted rudely. "Where's your war-baby?" Proceedings are pending.

Afric's Sunny Fountains. "Get out your maps!" said President Roosevelt, on one occasion; and what says the prophet Clerihew?

The art of biography
Is different from the art of geography;
Geography is about maps,
Biography is about chaps.

The chaps are certainly important, but it is the maps which absorb our immediate attention nowadays. My earliest recollection of geography is a form of ordeal or inquisition which began: "What and where are the following?" At last I feel, as I never felt before, that I could pass an examination of that kind: I am even prepared to submit myself to a geographical quiz or poll. One after another they swim into one's ken—Guadalcanar, Buna and Bône, Casablanca or Casabianca, as the case may be, Sfax, Tmimi, those established favourites, Bardia and Benghazi, and a recent box-office success, Ordzhonikidze. Apart from the enlargement of useful knowledge, how fascinating it is to hear them rolling off the tongues of Joseph and his Brethren of the B.B.C.! Whatever we may think about *what* the world is after this war, as least we shall know *where* it is. Did you, until the other day, even know that there was such a place—a big stretch of land—as Rio di Oro? Come now! Come clean!

"It's Tommy This and Tommy That." I hope we shall soon realise that geography is not the only romantic thing about our land forces. We ring the bells for what our soldiers have done—when they have done it in spite of a great deal of snarling and discouragement—but why is it that

"You've broken my heart, Eileen!"
"Have I? Then look on it as part of your training, George!"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

1st Medical Officer: "*I tell you what, I'll swap four cases of shingles for one of Plymouth!*" *(N.B.—Medical Officers are invariably wine caterers in destroyers.)*

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

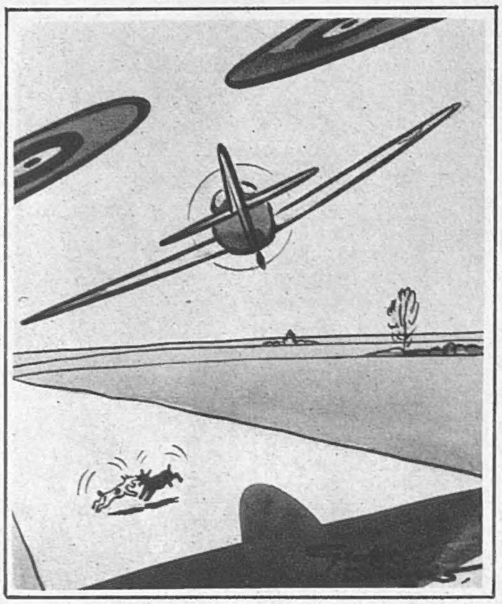
the British public has always been so condescending to the "stupid soldier"? I notice on stage and screen and in caricature that the sailor and the airman are always darlings of the multitude, while the soldier is usually a figure of fun. We have never been a military people, since we have made it our special business to rule the waves, but it would have gone ill with us if certain stupid soldiers, like Marlborough and Wellington, had not won their battles with a small but extremely efficient army. It is time, I suggest, that we ceased to think of every professional soldier as a Blimp designed by nature for Mr. Low's amusement. It has not yet been my pleasure to see Mr. Coward's film of the Navy, but I have heard nothing but praise of it; and I am glad to see that there is a project for doing something of the same kind for the Army

Over the Fence. Not least among the distinctions of the Army, as everybody knows, are its sporting triumphs. Cricket being at a low ebb during war, it is gratifying to learn from General Montgomery himself that he has "hit Rommel for six." This naturally caught the delighted eye of Sir Pelham Warner, who has written entertainingly (as always) to *The Times* about the influence of cricket on the military art. It must have been this that the Duke had in mind in his celebrated reference to the playing-fields of Eton. This is borne out by his famous description of Waterloo as "a damned close-run thing"—though this suggests a sharp, stolen, Hobbsian single rather than a swipe over the fence. Somehow, I prefer the Duke's type of cautious metaphor to the General's. Though the cricketing season is over, questions will now naturally arise about the selection of our Test Team. The captain (Harrow and England) is obvious, and it is a great comfort to have a skipper who is not only a stubborn opening batsman, of the prodder type, but a big hitter when quick scoring is demanded, a sure field close to the wicket, and a nice mixer of pace as a bowler—in short, a great all-rounder. I think we must have Lord Woolton behind the stumps, because of his staying-power, and Sir Stafford as a stonewalling fourth-wicket-down, to stop any rot with his well-known austerity. With regard to the "tail"? Well, there are plenty of candidates, but don't let us be invidious. Whom shall we have at silly-point? I could make some suggestions, but I won't go on, as I can confidently leave the rest of the Sporting Profiles to Mr. Jameson-Edinburgh.

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]

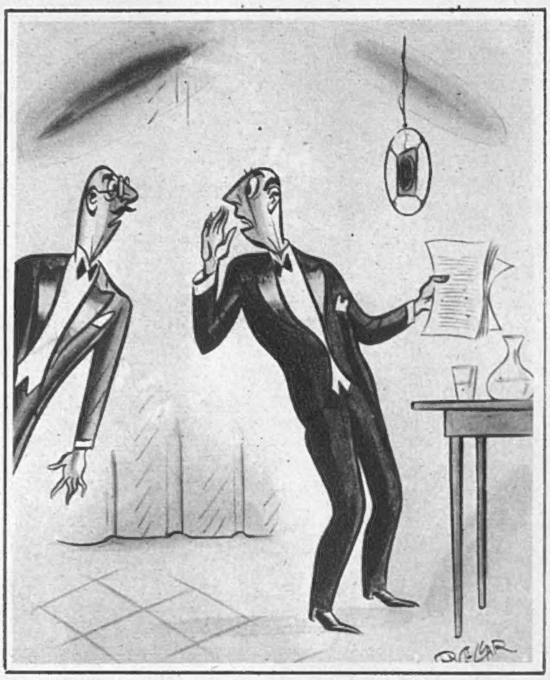
The Muck-Rake. In manly sports and exercises, these cricketing soldiers, whatever their other hardships, are perhaps more fortunate than the civilian who can't get a golf-ball for love or money, and hasn't time (or transport) to go and hit it even if he could get it. We must find our exercise in other ways, and, personally, I am finding it among the autumn leaves. These excrescences of nature are one of the biggest frauds I have ever encountered. People paint pictures of them, and poets are always getting sentimental about them, as if they were objects of beauty and admiration. Actually, they are just an infernal nuisance, and a disgrace to the vegetable kingdom. I have discovered this since I have had to sweep them up myself—a Sisyphean task which erstwhile I shamelessly delegated to wage-slaves (but please don't tell Mr. Pritt). Talk about turning over new leaves! The more you sweep up to-day, the more there are to-morrow, and as soon as you have dealt with the chestnuts, the beeches come cascading down on you, laughing nastily all the time. I am reduced to the condition of Bunyan's Man with the Muck-Rake, with my eyes ever glued to the littered ground. The next time I read an Ode to Autumn, I am going to write an Apostrophe to Lumbago—and it will be strong stuff, immortal in the language.



" Look, chaps! Dog-fight! "

DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.

The Age of Chivalry. War is notoriously a great leveller, but is no respect at all to be paid to persons? It is not enough that Members of Parliament, Ministers of State, and all the highest in the land are constantly up before the beaks for offences of summary jurisdiction; the ranks of chivalry are now subjected to the sordid realities of the purchase-tax. It is not that the price of Honour (Birthday, New Year, or other) has gone up—no, no! those bad old days are gone, and we now realise that honour is above price. But if a Knight Bachelor wants to buy the badge of his rank, as supplied by the Royal Mint, he now has to pay £12 5s. for it, instead of seven guineas pre-war, owing to the purchase-tax. This, I hold, is carrying democracy too far; it is debasing the accolade and robbing chivalry of all its romance. Does the same harsh principle apply to coronets? If so, I warn the Government that it is no use offering me one. Kind hearts are better and cheaper, and I shall keep mine as a measure of wartime economy—though I do not always find it easy in these days of trial.



" What do I do? . . . I've just read them yesterday's news by mistake! "

DRAWN BY P. MILLAR.

Orientation. On a point of philology—the German communiqué has recently announced that the Afrika Korps " is steadily advancing westwards." Can any learned person tell me whether to " advance westwards " is the same thing as to " go west "? And if the Eighth Army is also moving westward, is it advancing towards Tripoli, or is it really retiring from Egypt? This rotundity of the earth is always so confusing.

CARTRIDGE - CASE SALVAGE.

Please return your used sporting-gun cartridges, dry and in good condition, to the retailer from whom you usually buy your cartridges. The cases returned for salvage will not be reloaded and reissued; the materials in them will be used in the production of munitions and equipment for War purposes.

Fred May's picture parade this week deals with the ROYAL AIR FORCE *during a musical interlude at —— Group H.Q. —— a short, jolly respite following active " ops." Over There, where the song-and-dance given to the enemy was in a different key!* (DRAWN BY FRED MAY.)

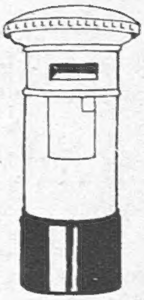
The fifty-first of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of " The Sketch " is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"YES, THE COPS SURROUND THE 'OUSE AND 'E, REALISIN' THAT 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY,' 'ANGS 'ISSELF BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!"
"LUMMY! NO WONDER YOU WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

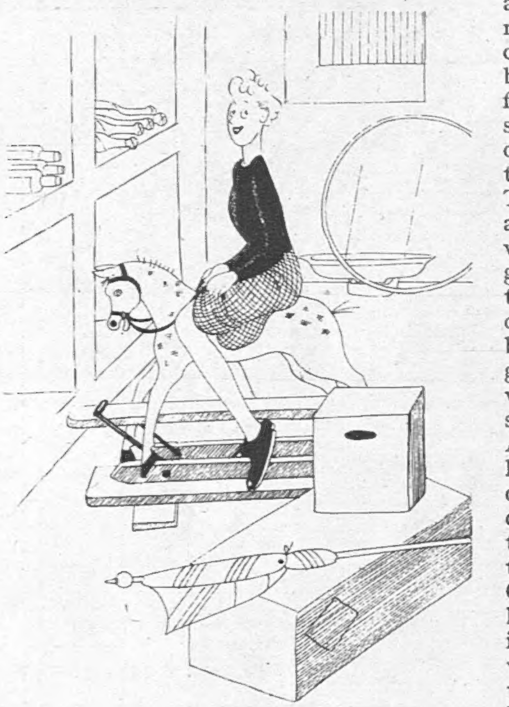
Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When the Linnet's Philip began to mutter the threatening word "Overseas," and the Linnet looked at us with large, pathetic blue eyes, Charles and I gave in gracefully, agreeing that these are not the times for middle-aged caution and "Do you think you are old enough?" and "Why not wait a few years?"

When we sat down to make a list of the people we would like to ask to the house after the wedding, it became two hundred and fifty almost before we had begun, and Charles said sternly that thirty was his limit; anything more would be ostentatious and unpatriotic in wartime, and anyway, he hadn't got enough champagne. At that magic word the List was thrown aside and we all rushed down to the cellar to count the bottles. There were fifteen, but Charles said he must have one for Peace, so that left fourteen. Then Charles found a bottle of Hock which he had forgotten about, and the Linnet found her old rocking-horse, but after a time we got back to the List, which we tore up and started on another. At the end of an hour, and after a lot of argument, we had cut the names down to a hundred, but there we stuck, and Charles threw down his pencil and said in an exhausted voice that he thought it would be better if we didn't ask anybody.



"The Linnet found her old rocking-horse."

"But I must have *somebody* at my wedding!" said the Linnet.

"All friends will be welcome at the Church," said Charles, closing his eyes.

"I must have Lady B.!" I cried wildly.

"And I must have some of the Nurses," said the Linnet; "and Philip has invited some of the Regiment already."

"There are a lot of people here who have known me since I was a boy," said Charles sternly, "and if anybody comes, they must come."

"What about leaving all the asking to Philip and the Linnet?" I said.

"What a lovely idea!" cried the Linnet, bouncing up and down on the sofa. "After all, it is our wedding."

"That's right," said Charles. "I'll just pay the bills, and your mother will do all the work."

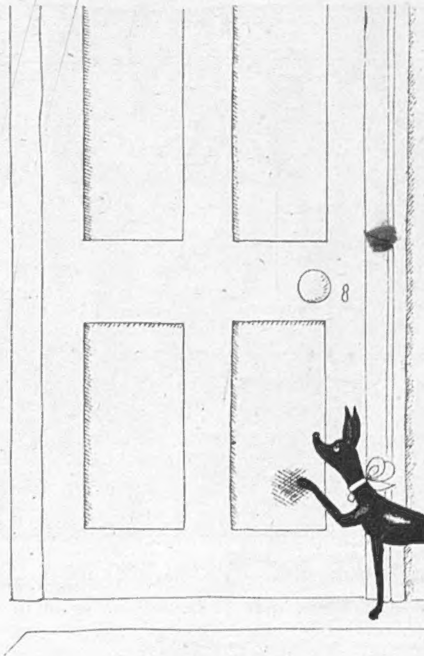
But irony is lost on the Linnet these days. "About clothes, Mummy——" she said, gazing earnestly into my face.

"What shall *I* wear?" said Charles, breaking in on our talk about an hour later.

"Your Home Guard uniform," I said. "It's a military wedding."

"I don't like my Home Guard hat," said Charles.

"You won't have to wear your hat."



"Perry hated the whole thing."

"I could borrow the Conductor's morning coat, like I did before," said Charles wistfully. "It fits me very well."

"I want you in your Home Guard uniform," said the Linnet. "You look like a sweet little Teddy Bear in it," and she kissed him rapturously. . . .

"And what is dear Charles wearing to the wedding?" said little Mrs. Simpkins when I met her in the fish-shop next morning.

"His Home Guard uniform, Mrs. Simpkins."

Mrs. Simpkins looked at me in deep distress. "Oh," she said, "I *am* disappointed. I was so looking forward to the wedding. I quite understand, dear, about not being asked to the house afterwards, but I *was* looking forward to seeing Charles and the dear Linnet walking up the aisle, and I always pictured him in a black coat. *Always,*" she added passionately.

"And so he shall wear a black coat," I said, for I can't bear Mrs. Simpkins to be disappointed.

A lot more people stopped me before I got home to ask me about Charles's wedding garment. Mrs. Savernack wanted to know what was the matter with his Home Guard uniform, anyway, and Mrs. Whinebite said she liked him best in his dark blue with the pin-stripe.

The Linnet spent the morning of her wedding day in bed, with a piece of white heather sticking straight up out of the curls on the top of her head and Philip sitting at her feet cleaning the buttons on his uniform. Lady B., in the armchair, was describing the heavily-embroidered flannel petticoat she had been forced to wear at her own wedding, and the Bridesmaid was at the dressing-table dyeing a pair of white satin shoes to match her dress because she hadn't had enough coupons to buy a new pair. Matins and Evensong, on duty together and all feuds forgotten in the general excitement, kept rushing in with cups of tea, saying how unlucky it was for the Bridegroom to see the Bride on the morning of their wedding, and everybody kept telling the Bridesmaid that her shoes wouldn't be dry in time, which they weren't, and it was all like a Russian play, and very pleasant. Bill's leave was stopped at the last minute, which left me feeling so incomplete that it was like asking somebody with one leg to enjoy a dance.

"Dyeing a pair of white satin shoes."

The wedding ceremony seems rather vague and dream-like when I look back on it now, but I remember the Church being packed, and how lovely and happy the Linnet looked, and how, soon after I arrived, there was a tramp of marching feet, and seeing out of the corner of my eye what looked like half the British Army walking in, which set me worrying about the fourteen bottles.

In the end Charles wore the Conductor's morning coat, which was what he had wanted to do all the time, and looked very fine indeed. The trousers were a bit long, so he had to brace them up as high as Nature allowed. This caused him to have a rather strained expression which everybody put down to grief at losing his daughter. The Bride's Mother looked much as usual, having given all her clothing coupons to the Bride.

Perry hated the whole thing.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

QUIET STUDY IN A PRISONERS-OF-WAR CAMP.

LIEUT. J. WATTON, *British prisoner-of-war artist, has made this amusing record of an hour of instruction in Oflag IVC. The pupil is an officer prisoner, remarkable for the* sang-froid Britannique *which he is able to maintain throughout the whirlwind lesson given by his foreign teacher! Lieut. Watton's drawings have frequently appeared in "The Illustrated London News" and also in "The Sketch." A page of them was reproduced in our last issue.*

DRAWN BY LIEUT. J. WATTON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

PRODUCER Samuel Goldwyn, apart from the malapropisms for which he is traditionally celebrated, is a very remarkable man. Not without cause has he stayed near the top of the film business for a longer time than most. He has what it takes to be a showman, whether you call it flair, or business sense, or merely the power of shrewd guessing. He yearns for, and seems frequently to be able to divine, quality, in actors, directors and screen subjects. It was he who perceived a brisk modern note, the appeal of the outdoor girl, under the exotic make-up of Merle Oberon ; he gave her a simple part to play, changed her hair-do, forbade her to wear make-up at all, and presented her in two of the best films she ever made, " These Three " and " The Dark Angel." It was he who divined behind David Niven's flip charm the makings of a first-rate light comedian. It was he who saw in Lillian Hellman's grim play, " The Little Foxes," the bones of one of the year's most gripping and successful films.

Now Mr. Goldwyn's flair has justified itself again with " THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES " (Gaumont). There were many people ready to carp when they learnt that the producer meant to make a film of the life of Lou Gehrig, the baseball player. They said that Gehrig's life was too uneventful to fill a motion picture. On the face of it, there did seem to be some justice in the carping. Gehrig, apart from being America's leading baseball star, was not a wildly dramatic figure. He did not indulge in spectacular stunts, notorious quarrels, front-page divorces or even personal idiosyncrasies. He did not have to struggle for recognition, drink himself into a garret, attend wild parties, or play two pianos simultaneously, or do any of the other things customarily associated with biographies of celebrities. He was a model son and a devoted husband, his life was simple, and in fact the only really dramatic part of it was his retirement from the game under grave, and at first rather obscure, clinical circumstances. At the height of his fame, Lou Gehrig developed an infliction in his batting arm. He went for examination to a clinic, and what the doctors told him is not generally known. In the film, however, it is made perfectly clear that he was suffering from infantile paralysis, and that his death sentence was handed to him there and then. In fact, he did die less than two years later, after an illness faced with courage and cheerfulness.

Out of this quiet, good life Mr. Goldwyn has made a film two hours long, and silenced the carpers. " Pride of the Yankees " has something to make up for its lack of excitement—it has human quality. You don't have to know anything about baseball to enjoy this piece. The fame of Lou Gehrig, and Babe Ruth (who plays himself) and the other giants of the ball-game, players and coaches alike, may mean little to you. You need never have heard of a home-run, and you may think a southpaw is some sort of Antarctic polar bear. But you will be an unusual person if you can watch this story of unselfishness and endurance without being moved a little.

There is a lot to be said for a likeable hero, and Lou Gehrig, as Gary Cooper plays him, and as indeed he seems to have been, is immensely likeable. He comes of immigrant stock. His mother (Elsa Janssen) works as a cook at Columbia University. She earns enough, with Lou helping out by waiting at table, to send her son to Columbia. An obedient boy, he is prepared to do as his parents wish and become an engineer, like his Uncle Otto. But his heart is really in baseball, and his heart, as the sports fanciers quickly appreciate, is backed up by a magical left arm.

To pay for an urgent operation for his mother, Gehrig agrees to play for the Yankees' Club. From this time on there is no doubt about his career. Even his mother agrees that Uncle Otto should be forgotten. Gehrig meets and marries a Miss Eleanor Twitchell (Teresa Wright), a baseball fan from Chicago. Lou becomes the idol of American sport, and is ideally happy, until those first faint symptoms in the batting arm send him to the doctor and his sentence. Even at the last, when he speaks to a cheering, sympathetic crowd at the Yankee Stadium on his last public appearance, he keeps his characteristic cheerfulness. He has had the best of parents, he says, the best of wives, the best of coaches, the best of team-mates. " Most people think I 've had a tough break, but I feel I 'm the luckiest man on the face of the earth."

A simple story of this kind needs good acting, and " Pride of the Yankees " has it. Gary Cooper is a player who has always been able to create character and win sympathy if he is given the slightest encouragement to do so. Charles Laughton, I remember, once declared that Cooper was everything he would like to be but wasn't—the perfect natural actor, working from instinct, doing the right thing because he felt it subjectively, not because he deliberately planned it. Gary Cooper, always pleasant, always interesting to look at, is to a large extent dependent on his parts to strike out that inner spark. Mr. Deeds did it. Sergeant York did it. Lou Gehrig has emphatically done it. Nothing could be more persuasive than his study of the simple, shy sportsman, the hero who is never too big to join the boys in back-lot baseball, who has a friendly word for youth, who sees the sunny side of everything. Even had the story been less absorbing in itself, you feel you would still wait patiently for the next episode, because you like and trust and understand the leading character.

It would be hard, too, to overpraise Teresa Wright's delicate sketch of Gehrig's young wife, so sensitive, so quiet, so touching. This girl from " The Little Foxes " and " Mrs. Miniver " is really a delightful creature, and I can see nothing, except bad stories and injudicious handling, to prevent her from going to the top in pictures. It is only fair to add that such accidents are unlikely to happen to her. She is under contract to Mr. Goldwyn, and Mr. Goldwyn is very, very careful with his discoveries, realising, no doubt, that wisdom is the better part of flair.

I am told there are people who cannot have enough of Mickey Rooney and his clever tricks, and it is for them, presumably, that " A YANK AT ETON " (Empire) has been made. Certainly it has not been designed for the Old School Ties, unless it should be an obscure sabotage plot, organised, possibly, at Harrow. Master Rooney is not notable for conceding much to the settings in which he appears. A film with Mickey Rooney is, take it or leave it, a film with Mickey Rooney, rather than Mickey Rooney in a film. At Eton, as on Broadway or

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by " The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**Coliseum: "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK." Revival, with Evelyn Laye.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME.". Raymond Lovell, well supported.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*Garrick: "AREN'T MEN BEASTS." Robertson Hare; Alfred Drayton in revival.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

***His Majesty's; "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.

**Lyric: "NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH." Well-produced, slick gangsterism. Hartley Power, Linden Travers, Robert Newton.

**New: Sadler's Wells season of ballet. Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann. Orchestra conducted by Constant Lambert.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

***Phoenix: "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." With John Gielgud, Edith Evans, Cyril Ritchard, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, Jean Cadell, Peggy Ashcroft, J. H. Roberts.

**Prince of Wales: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel, Celia Lipton.

**Princes: "WILD ROSE." Jessie Matthews and Richard Hearne in lively musical comedy.

**St. Martins: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Stoll: "LILAC TIME." Revival, with George Graves, Derek Oldham, Frank Titterton, Irene Eisinger.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

*Westminster: Season of Shakespeare, with Robert Atkins and first-rate cast.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper ; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

in Boystown, he is his own bright self and perfectly at his ease, in spite of the temporary embarrassments of the "bum-freezer" and the "lid." There is no attempt, at least, to make an English gentleman of him. That is left for Master Freddie Bartholomew, the perfect type. Freddie and Mickey are step-brothers, and if you think this is a tale of brotherly misunderstanding, you are wrong. Mickey's

This is the screen cabbage patch of Alice Hegan Rice's famous story "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (Carlton)—the shabby neighbourhood with ramshackle houses zigzagging in all directions, and the well where the gossips meet.

American mother marries an English squire (Ian Hunter), and Mickey, who hoped to go to Notre Dame and play football, is sent to Eton instead. "After all," his mother tells him, "you must go to *some* prep. school."

Such story as there is centres round Mickey's gradual adjustment to the code of the College, his appreciation of his stepfather's Stiff Upper Lip, and an unfortunate misunderstanding over a motor-car, a road-house and an ogling blonde. No family tiff mars the upper-class atmosphere, and it is indeed for Master Bartholomew's sake that Master Rooney falls into disgrace at last. Kept in, misjudged, about to be expelled for ever from these groves, where boys stroll in carefree comity, singing the Eton Boating Song, his great regret is that he will not be able to compete in the annual school steeplechase. You, having seen many films, will not share that regret. Nor need you. He competes. He wins, although the school cad deliberately ducks him in the water-jump—a gesture that causes little stir among the assembled flower of England and of Eton.

"PIED PIPER" (Odeon) strikes me as a rather sketchy translation of Nevil Shute's story. But then I may be prejudiced, since this tale of the elderly Englishman who brought a steadily-growing troupe of children safely home out of invaded France seems to me one of the most moving and sensitive books published since the war.

Where the film loses force, I fancy, is in its efforts to shape it to the comedy talents of Monty Woolley, the star. You will remember Mr. Woolley as the irascible Beard of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Although he is less irascible here, and feigns, at moments, almost the Father Christmas spirit, he hardly suggests that special mixture of reserve and sympathy that made Mr. Shute's old clubman such a persuasive figure. Wit, rather than warmth, is Mr. Woolley's forte, and the film, in providing for this, has lost more than a little of the charm of the original book.

CAROLYN LEE *and* FAY BAINTER *play Europena and her mother, Mrs. Elvira Wiggs, in Paramount's screen translation of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."*

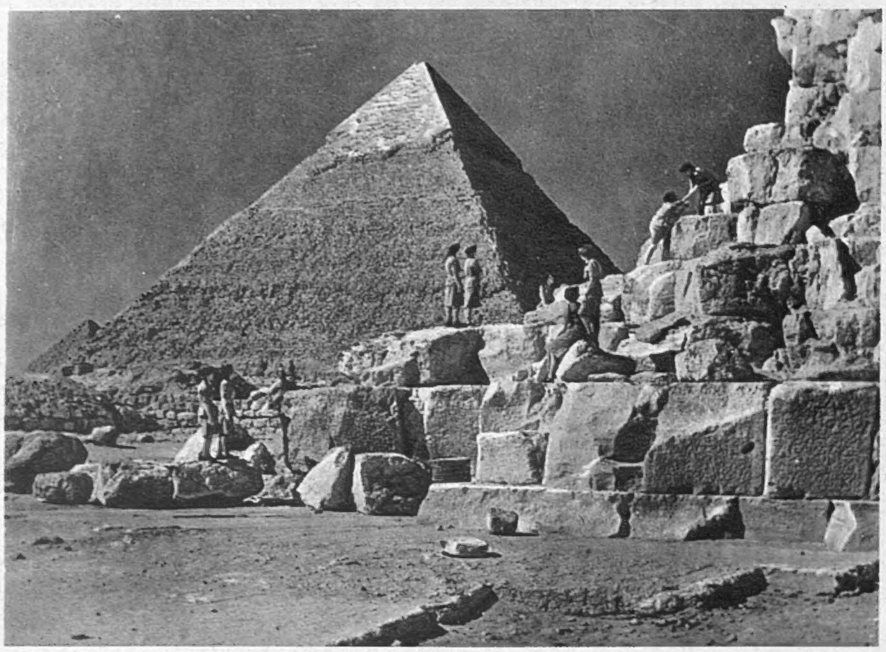
It is still a good idea, however, this reluctant convoy of youth by age. The film is not without its moments of pathos, nor, since Mr. Woolley and his troupe fall into the hands of the Germans, who take the old boy for a spy, of timely excitement, either. Roddy McDowall, the Huw of "How Green Was My Valley," is the leader of the children, and Anne Baxter, in the part of a sympathetic French girl, manages the one quality without too blatantly refuting the other. A certain Otto Preminger lifts the whole thing a couple of notches towards the end, with his sketch of a Nazi major who has another child to add to the convoy. Perhaps the best thing "Pied Piper" can do for you is to send you straight home to read the novel.

"TALK OF THE TOWN" (London Pavilion and Regal) should delight three large groups of people: those who wish Jean Arthur would make more films; those who feel it is too long since they saw Ronald Colman on the screen; and those who can't see Cary Grant often enough. All three stars appear in this lengthy comedy, and if Mr. Colman's charm may seem rather at a disadvantage behind a beard, there are those who will feel that he has the advantage over Mr. Grant when it comes to acting. Mr. Colman, I should

Thanksgiving Day arrives. The Wiggs children, Australia, Europena, Billy and Asia (MARY THOMAS, CAROLYN LEE, BILLY LEE *and* BETTY BREWER), *surround their mother, Mrs. Wiggs* (FAY BAINTER), *to gasp at the wonderful hamper brought by the chilly, condescending ladies, Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Graham* (BETTY FARRINGTON *and* ETHEL GRIFFIES). *Their joy is short-lived when, criticising the humble home, the ladies remark that Mrs. Wiggs should get two of the children adopted, and leave more room for the others.*

tell you, wears a beard not on account of his age, but on account of because he plays a Dean of Law School. Renting Miss Arthur's house for the summer vacation, he not only finds the charming owner anxious to borrow his pyjamas, but a wanted man hiding in the attic. Mr. Grant, for it is naturally he, is a fugitive from a manslaughter-and-arson charge. Since Miss Arthur and the entire audience believe him to be innocent, it is tiresome that it takes Mr. Colman so long to come round to the same idea. However, truth dawns at last. Back he goes to Court with a new zest in his heart—a zest that clears Mr. Grant in the eyes of the law, but doesn't win Mr. Colman the girl. There will be many less entertaining films this season than "Talk of the Town," which gets a bit chattersome at times, but is often effective and funny.

ALL IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF TH[E] AND NEWS



Life in the Middle East for members of the A.T.S. is not all duty—there's sight-seeing too. This party started for the top of the Pyramids, but they didn't all get there.

The DEAN OF CANTERBURY *was interested by* MR. SAMSON SCHAMES'S *plaque constructed of broken glass and china from bombed houses when he opened the Civil Defence Artists' Cooling Gallery show.*

MRS. ANDERSON, *wife of Lieut.-General K. A. N. Anderson, who commands the British land forces included in the Allied Forces in North Africa, wears the scarlet-and-white Crusader badge of her husband's men. She works at a Civil Defence canteen.*

Survivors of H.M.S. "Manchester" have arrived home at a British port, having been freed from internment by Allied troops when they landed in North Africa. This man expresses his sentiments for all to read!

MRS. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, *wife of General Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in North Africa, and her brother-in-law,* MR. MILTON EISENHOWER, *are listening-in to the latest war news.*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN *visited the Sale and Exhibition of lace at the Dorchester in aid of the Officers' Families Fund. She is admiring a Brussels lace wedding-dress and head-dress.*

WEEK: A PAGE OF NOTABILITIES PICTURES.

When SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS visited the "Aid to China" show of photographs of modern China, at Simpson's, Piccadilly, MME. PHANG called his attention to this antique exhibit, a carved wooden Buddha.

MR. MICHAEL ANGAS, Grenadier Guards, married MISS CHRISTIAN GRANT, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. Her nephews, CHARLES DEAKIN and WILLIAM LEGGE-BOURKE, were pages.

Left: LIEUT. D. A. COPPERWHEAT, R.N., the man who received the George Cross for scuttling a blazing arms ship at Malta, was decorated by the King at a recent Investiture. MRS. COPPERWHEAT and BABY JANE are with him.

Right: WREN PAMELA McGEORGE (now Third Officer, W.R.N.S.) was decorated with the B.E.M. (Military Division) for her courage when carrying urgent despatches during an air raid at Plymouth. This portrait of her by Anthony Devas hangs in the War Paintings Exhibition at the National Gallery.

MISS CLAUDIA WRIGHT, twenty-two-year-old barrister, is leaving England shortly to practise in her native Freetown as the first woman barrister in that part of Africa. Her father is a distinguished member of the Bar in Sierra Leone.

The marriage of MR. HUGH BROOKING CLARK, Scots Guards, only son of Mr. Hugh B. Clark, to MISS RITA LEDEBOER, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ledeboer, took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE PREMIER, for demonstrating physically the perfect balance he has maintained during two and a half years of war.

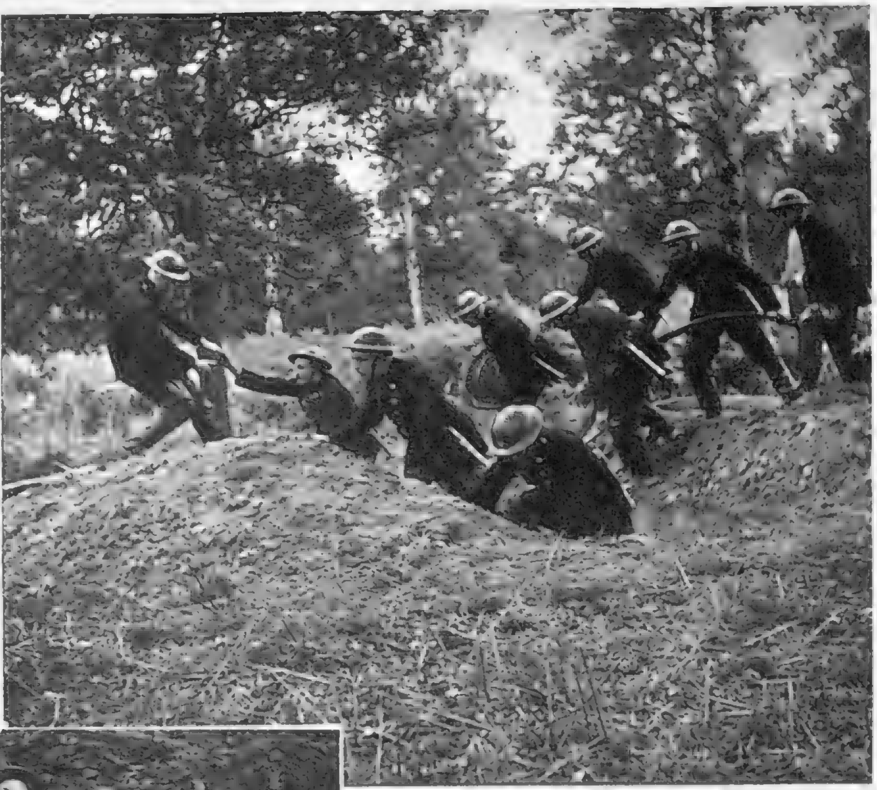
Watching battle exercises in the South-Eastern Area recently, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL *not only displayed his agility by walking up one of the greasy, inclined logs of the "battlefield," but symbolically enacted that perfect balance which he has shown through the trials and recent jubilations of the two and a half years during which he has steered Britain's war course.*

THE CASEYS TAKE TEA WITH THE SHAH.

Right: *The* SHAH OF PERSIA *and the* QUEEN *received* MR. R. G. CASEY, *Minister of State in the Middle East, and* MRS. CASEY, *when they visited Teheran. They are on the terrace of the Marble Palace, Teheran, with* SIR READER BULLARD, *British Minister to Persia, on the right. The Shah Mahommed Reza acceded in September 1941, on the abdication of his father, Reza Shah Pahlevi. His marriage to the Princess Fawzieh, sister of the King of Egypt, took place in 1939.*

Tea-party in the Marble Palace: MR. R. G. CASEY, MRS. CASEY, *the* QUEEN OF PERSIA, THE SHAH, *and* H.E. *the* BRITISH MINISTER *(l. to r.). Mr. Casey has just completed a tour of Persia and Irak, during which he was received by the Shah, and met many other important personalities of the Middle East, including the Regent of Irak, British Generals and diplomats, and Persian and Iraki ministers.*

"COMMANDOS" OF THE NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE.



Test for speed under difficult conditions: fire-fighters, complete with lines of hose, and full equipment, dash over rough country.

Over he goes, with two lines of [...] a river cro[...]

Left: A spill at the water-jump: a tough, smiling fireman comes down when crossing the stream.

Through the undergrowth and under the rails in top gear: firemen in the "obstacle race" training.

"SHOCK TROOPS," or "COMMANDOS," of the NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE are now being trained to a standard of toughness that will enable them to meet any fresh onslaught on this country. Invasion of the Continent is possibly another reason for this training, as, if a Second Front is established in Europe, heavy raids may well be expected on our bases at home. The new "Commando" training, with its "assault course," will fit N.F.S. men to stand up to anything. Volunteers undergoing this special training live under canvas as part of the

Continued opposite.

Over a formidable obstacle without delay or [...]

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

nd heavy equipment: a fireman makes
y wire and tackle.

After having thrown their hoses across, firemen swing over a stream by a brilliant, improvised "Tarzan-style" method.

And now a technical lesson: firemen practising the laying of permanent pipes for static water.

Continued.]
toughening-up process, at a camp not far from London. During the course they learn how to cross rivers by improvised methods, cut their way through heavy undergrowth while wearing full kit, and negotiate barbed wire, as well as manning pumps, linking hoses, and running them out over rough country in record time. Girl drivers and cooks attached to the N.F.S. are also in camp, and provide meals for the men in the under-canvas canteen, as well as man the telephones and operate transport to and from the camp.

on: the firemen on a tough test for speed.

"THE PIED PIPER"—NEW MONTY WOOLLEY PICTURE.

Howard (MONTY WOOLLEY), *irascible Englishman, does not like children, specially when they argue as Ronnie* (RODDY McDOWALL) *does. Sheila* (PEGGY ANN GARNER) *just listens.*

Howard has been induced to attempt to take Ronnie and Sheila back to England. They are only a third of the way when they hear that the Germans are advancing at lightning speed.

Murder on the long, straight roads of France: German 'planes dive-bomb and machine-gun the crowds of refugees burdened with poor household possessions.

"Kultur" as practised in the streets of Chartres: Germans machine-gun the streets and wound a child. Howard tries to protect his charges.

All hope of escape seems to have vanished when Howard and his party fall into the hands of the Gestapo, as they are about to embark for England.

"THE PIED PIPER," starring Monty Woolley, was due at the Carlton on November 29. Woolley, who created the rôle of "Sherry" in the American film and play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," is Howard, who does *not* like children, but finds himself shepherding an ever-growing party across France during the German invasion. He is about to embark when the Gestapo arrest him — but Howard makes a deal to dispatch a German's not wholly Aryan niece to the U.S.A. if he and his flock may leave.

Anna "Heils Hitler" for the last time: Howard is allowed to take the children to England if he will include Major Diessen's (OTTO PREMINGER) *not wholly Aryan niece.*

An interval during the fancy-dress ball at Manderley, the home of Maxim de Winter, whose first wife Rebecca, put out to sea one stormy night some years before, and never returned, though her influence still pervades the house.

Maxim de Winter (F/L. ANTONY STUART) *is dumb with anger when his second wife* (S/O. RITA BEADON) *turns up for the ball dressed, at the housekeeper's suggestion, in Rebecca's gown.*

Rehearsal scene with producer L.A.C. MICHAEL HAMILTON. *Mrs. Danvers* (F/O. JOAN ROBINSON) *tells Mrs. Winter that Rebecca's ghost is still mistress.*

"REBECCA," WITH AN ALL R.A.F.—W.A.A.F. CAST.

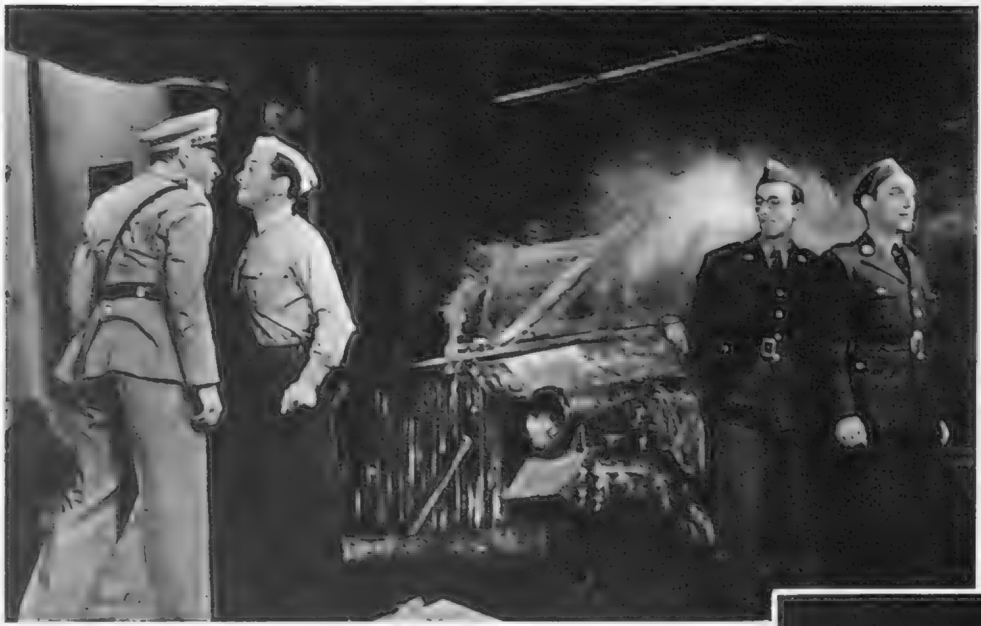
AT an R.A.F. Station not far from London, Daphne du Maurier's novel-play-film success "Rebecca" was recently produced with great *éclat*. The sinister atmosphere was admirably maintained by a cast of the Station personnel, some of whom are fighter aces, such as F/O. JACK HODGKINSON, D.F.C., and F/O. JOSEPH HALL, who was a pilot at Malta during the heavy "blitzes." The décor was by Sergeant Norman Seeny.

Col. Julyan (S/L. ALBERT LOVEDAY) *questions Giles Lacy* (F/O. J. HODGKINSON) *as to the night on which Rebecca died. Frank Crawley* (F/O. JOSEPH HALL) *listens.*

A dressing-room group of players in mufti: (l. to r.) S/L. ALBERT E. LOVEDAY, S/O. RITA BEADON, F/O. DEREK SMYTHE, A/S/O. MAMIE WILLIS, F/O. JOAN ROBINSON, L.A.C. MICHAEL HAMILTON, *and two W.A.A.F. onlookers.*

During an interval AIR MARSHAL LEIGH MALLORY *chats to* SQUADRON OFFICER F. H. HANBURY, M.B.E., *who was the first W.A.A.F. to be decorated with the M.B.E. (Military Division), which she won for "distinguished services."*

"LET'S FACE IT" WITH LAUGHTER, SONG AND DANCE:



Jerry (BOBBY HOWES) *comes through a wall by lorry, to the disgust of Lieut. Wiggins* (WILLIAM T. HOLLAND), *Frankie* (JACK STANFORD) *and Eddie* (LEIGH STAFFORD; *right*).

The speciality dancers, HALAMA *and* KONARSKI, *giving their number, "Rub Your Lamp," in the Lucky Horseshoe Inn scene.*

Mrs. Maggie Watson (JOYCE BARBOUR) *with Jerry Walker* (BOBBY HOWES), *the American soldier she has hired to take her out. Maggie and her friends, Nancy and Cornelia, are trying to rouse their husbands' jealousy.*

Physical culture on the Alicia Milk Farm: girls of the beauty chorus doing their daily dozen.

The Alicia Milk Farm Training Course: the BEAUTY CHORUS GIRLS *giving a display of physical jerks to Cole Porter music.*

"LET'S FACE IT," the new show at the London Hippodrome, hails from America and is, at the moment, enjoying a big success in New York, which it seems likely to repeat in London. The music and lyrics are by Cole Porter, and Bobby Howes and Pat Kirkwood are the principal stars. The plot has not particular importance. It deals with the adventures of three jealous matrons who

BOBBY HOWES IN A HIGH-SPEED SHOW FROM THE U.S.A.

Jerry (BOBBY HOWES), *Eddie and Frankie pretend to be statues while eavesdropping the conversation of Lieut. Wiggins and Winnie* (PAT KIRKWOOD) *who are having a flirtation. Jerry, who is in love with Winnie, is jealous.*

The Three Matrons (NOELE GORDON, JOYCE BARBOUR *and* BABETTE O'DEAL), *who invite three soldiers to their homes in order to pay out their husbands for taking out three girls.*

BOBBY HOWES, *disguised as a whiskered Hayseed, sings one of his most successful numbers, "Farming."*

PAT KIRKWOOD *and* ZOE GAIL, *as Winnie Potter and Muriel McGillicuddy, entertain the audience with a good number.*

Frankie (JACK STANFORD), *Winnie* (PAT KIRKWOOD), *Jerry* (BOBBY HOWES), *Maggie* (JOYCE BARBOUR), *Eddie* (LEIGH STAFFORD) *and Jean* (PAT LEONARD).

PAT KIRKWOOD *as Winnie Potter, leading lady of the show, and sweetheart of Jerry.*

engage three young soldiers to take them out in order to rouse the jealousy of three philandering husbands, who are slightly enamoured of three attractive girls; but the merriment, the music and the comedy are all first-rate. Bobby Howes has some grand moments, and the dancing of Halama and Konarski is as entrancing as it is remarkable. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYE.]

Tailor's masterpiece: the coat, cursed in the shop by a disgruntled cutter, is delivered to Orman (CHARLES BOYER), *a celebrated actor, who is carrying on a love-affair with a young married woman.*

Murder! Ethel (RITA HAYWORTH) *forced* [...] *see her lover, the famous actor Orman, crump*[...] *the coat* [...]

High hopes: Composer Charles Smith (CHARLES LAUGHTON) *wears the coat, bought by his wife from a pawnshop, when conducting his new symphony. He is introduced by Arturo Bellini* (VICTOR FRANCEN).

Conducting his symphony, Charles Smith bursts the coat, [...] *situation is saved when a music-lover gravely takes* [...]

Like a miracle, the coat, stuffed with money, falls at the feet of Luke (PAUL ROBESON) *and Esther* (ETHEL WATERS). *It has dropped from a 'plane carrying escaping crooks.*

"TALES OF MANHATTAN"—[...]

HITCHED

"TALES OF MANHATTAN," new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, directed by Duvivier, is a big-scale film with the longest list of star performers ever, perhaps, assembled in the cast of one picture. Moreover, the story, which consists of a series of episodes built up round the "life" of a tail-coat, is the work of ten of the best-known authors and scenarists in Hollywood, including Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar and Donald Ogden Stewart. The prologue shows Orman buying the beautiful coat, a tailor's masterpiece, which has, however, been cursed by a

her jealous husband (THOMAS MITCHELL) *to up on the sofa by gun-shots. Orman is wearing the first time.*

Romance: the coat, now in the possession of gay bachelor Harry (CESAR ROMERO), *provides the reason why Diane* (GINGER ROGERS) *throws him over for the sound, steady George* (HENRY FONDA).

hich is too tight. Laughter rocks the audience, but the ff his own tail-coat and sits in his shirt-sleeves.

In a Bowery mission, Father Joe (JAMES GLEASON) *persuades the bum, Browne* (EDWARD G. ROBINSON), *to wear the repaired coat to his college class reunion. He gets a job in consequence.*

COMEDY AND DRAMA

O TAILS.

disgruntled cutter. The curse operates against the worthless Orman, but in the next episode the coat saves Diane from marrying a ne'er-do-weel, and though in another story it nearly turns Smith's concert into a fiasco, the good manners of a member of the audience save the situation for the young composer. Its final adventure is when it falls from the 'plane in which escaping crooks are fleeing and brings wealth to poor negro share-croppers, before taking the final curtain as a scarecrow. It has brought good or evil to its owners, according to how they used it.

The end of the story: the tail-coat, having brought wealth to the poor negro share-croppers, plays its final part as the costume of a scarecrow.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"GRAND CANYON" is a warning, a Cautionary Tale. Miss Sackville-West envisages a not very distant future when the war, after an inconclusive peace, is on the point of breaking out again; for the Pacific Charter, which America is supposed to have signed with Germany, only marked a lull in the latter's career of conquest. The scene is an hotel on the edge of the Grand Canyon, in Arizona, and the two chief characters are English, exiles from their country which, since Germany got the upper hand, is no longer a place where civilised human beings care to dwell. Mrs. Temple and Mr. Dale are middle-aged, detached, philosophical in outlook; a common quality of self-sufficiency, oddly enough, brings them together. Round them, the object of their sympathetic scrutiny, the gilded youth of America dance and make merry; not so much heedless of their coming fate, for many of them are in uniform, as indifferent to it.

Miss Sackville-West's imagination has a strong and individual quality more noticeable and impressive, I think, in the setting and in the ideas that dominate her book than in the human material which illustrates them. Perhaps deliberately, she does not try to make her dialogue realistic; many of Mrs. Temple's talks with Mr. Dale are stylised, imaginary conversations in which each puts forward, rather formally, a point of view. Indeed, human relationships appear as though seen through a telescope—distinctly, but from a great distance. "We are like people living in darkness under the cellars of a ruined house," Mr. Dale says.

The Second Stage. The impression of remoteness is enhanced when, halfway through the book, the characters are all killed by blast and continue their existence—spirits, but not disembodied—in the depths of the canyon; but the difference is one of degree, not of kind, for we hardly notice that a change has taken place. Physical disabilities are wiped away—the blind man sees, the deaf man hears; for sensory perception is preserved, and life goes on much as it did, only at a higher point of awareness. Possibly Miss Sackville-West's vision of the hereafter would not be found to hold together if analysed—but, as she has shown at least once before, she has a gift for fantasy, and can make her general conception so convincing that inconsistencies of detail do not matter much. Indeed, her idea in choosing the strange exotic setting of the canyon was in all probability to relieve her story from the restricting influence of the temporal and to present human beings against a background of eternity, where the problems that war raises could be discussed without too much reference to the passions of the present. So lofty is her theme, so grave the tone her beautiful prose sometimes takes that, as I suggested, there is an occasional disparity between the majestic conception of the symphony and some of the tunes that occur in it. The Quisling hotel proprietor, for instance, and his Fifth Column activities, though necessary to the story's development, are too sensational and melodramatic to be quite in keeping; and a criticism on those lines might be made of some other episodes and characters: they belong to another plane of reality and move at a different pace. All the same, the incongruity is not without charm, for it proceeds not from a failure of imaginative power, but from a lack of co-ordination; an inferior writer, who can command but one level of seriousness, might easily avoid it. More often than not, an even surface is the sign of a tired and unenterprising mind. Miss Sackville-West's is neither; if it moves, sometimes a little uncertainly, among ideas and phenomena as disparate as those on a surrealist canvas, it never loses its distinction. Her return to fiction means a return of the grand manner, and we welcome it.

"After the Drag," by Dean Wolstenholme—an amusing painting of undergraduates training a couple of pointers in their study, is on view at the "One Hundred Years Ago" Exhibition at the Nicholson Gallery. This is a show which brings into the spotlight some of the lesser genre painters of the nineteenth century.

Undercurrents in a Government Office. "Table Two," on the other hand, is topical in subject, chatty and colloquial in style. Mrs. Wilenski sounds no warning, teaches no lesson, and is content to describe with sympathetic realism the interactions of a small group of women workers in the "Ministry of Foreign Information." Socially, temperamentally, and in other ways, the occupants of Table Two are a mixed lot, but they have one thing in common—knowledge of foreign languages. Elsie Pearne was at home in several, for she had held business posts abroad. Her job in the Ministry was a come-down for her: it flattered neither her pocket nor her prestige. All her glory, and her one glimpse of love, were in the past; at fifty she was a disagreeable, embittered woman, critical of her colleagues and dreaded by them. Anne Shepley-Rice, a newcomer to the Translation Department, had everything Elsie lacked—birth, youth, looks. Soon she was to have a young man as well. But before that happened these two vividly-contrasted women had struck up a friendship which surprised the onlookers. The situation was diagnosed with rather ruthless insight by Mrs. Doweson:

"Miss Pearne is the one who is more likely to suffer from the association. She doesn't understand Anne and Anne doesn't understand her. Anne listens to all that Miss Pearne says as if it were the most interesting conversation she had ever heard and as if she had been waiting all her life to meet Miss Pearne. Miss Pearne takes that at its face value and believes it; she doesn't understand that Anne is a kind-hearted, well-brought-up little girl on her best behaviour for the moment. Miss Pearne's idea of manners is extremely elementary; it would never occur to her that Anne is just giving a display of extra good party manners. . . ."

Two 's Company. Neither Anne nor Elsie was aware of the seeds of trouble in their relationship. But the "blitz" which was soon to break on them strained nerves and tempers; Anne, with all her heart and most of her attention given to the conquering Sebastian, had little time or patience for the moody, jealous outbursts of her new friend; an important official document got lost, and the fat was in the fire.

There is nothing remarkable about this story; the central situation is familiar, we have met most of the characters before. The "blitz" has many times proved a blessing, albeit in disguise, to authors uncertain how to bring their stories to an end; and although Mrs. Wilenski does not make unscrupulous use of it, her description does not tell us anything new. All the same, she has the indefinable gift of being interesting.

Mr. Clunk Again. It is refreshing to meet Mr. Josiah Clunk again, for a hearty dislike is always stimulating and from that point of view he is a positive tonic. But in "Dead Man's Shoes" it is not only Mr. Clunk's cant, or even his hymnology, which offends; it is the unorthodoxy of his moral code—for this endangers the whole convention of the detective story, a convention which had as its main support the theory of virtue triumphant and vice overcome. "Vengeance is Mine" we are told; and though mankind has for its own convenience decreed that the Law should share the prerogative of the Lord, it does not, in most civilised countries, at any rate, encourage private persons to usurp this power and take retribution into their own hands.

Now Mr. Bailey has attacked this strong position and some infiltration has taken place. We have no reason to suppose that Mr. Bailey approves of Mr. Clunk and his devious, dubious ways; his odour of sanctity is plainly intended to offend the nostrils of even the least fastidious reader; but his gratuitous assumption of the rôles of judge and jury does not excite so obvious a disapproval. Perhaps Mr. Bailey regards tolerance as one of the higher virtues, or perhaps, again, he is more concerned with writing a good detective story than with upholding the conventions which have hitherto controlled it. In his first object he has succeeded admirably, for "Dead Man's Shoes" moves in a crescendo of excitement, it has a new method of murder and at least four interesting characters besides that of the dubious Mr. Clunk.

London River. Mr. A. R. Woods made many voyages as a sailor before settling down as Piermaster of Tower Pier. Thus he can boast a considerable experience of the world at large as well as an unrivalled knowledge of the lower reaches of the River Thames; and he writes as a man of the world, without expecting too much from human nature.

I cannot agree [he says] with those people who appear to think that if everyone was well fed and well housed crime would just disappear; experience has shown me that many highly vicious characters have never felt the actual need of either food or shelter. But it is true, to a certain extent, to say that foul living conditions tend to breed vice and crime, and having seen the way some people live in the worst slums round the river, I am surprised, not that many of them know what the inside of a prison looks like, but that any decent, self-respecting men and women can be produced from such districts.

"I Guarded the Waterfront" is rich in anecdotes, rescue-work among the drowning, moving accidents of all kinds, which Mr. Woods relates with true British phlegm. Of these the more sensational tend to linger in one's mind. But Mr. Woods sees many sides of life besides the seamy side. In his spare time a painter of scenes on the river he knows so well, he has kept alive a sensibility and kindness of heart remarkable in one who has been in at so many deaths.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Grand Canyon. By V. Sackville-West. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
Table Two. By Marjorie Wilenski. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
Dead Man's Shoes. By H. C. Bailey. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
I Guarded the Waterfront. By A. R. Woods. (*Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.*)

MICHAEL REDGRAVE IN "THUNDER ROCK" FILM.

1. *Dr. Kurtz* (FREDERICK VALK), *Viennese refugee of the nineteenth century, and his daughter Melanie* (LILLI PALMER).

2. MICHAEL REDGRAVE *plays David Charleston in the film "Thunder Rock," the part he created in the stage production of 1939.*

3. *Misery of life in the Potteries ninety years ago: Harry* (GEORGE CARNEY), *Briggs* (FREDERICK COOPER) *and Mrs. Briggs* (JEAN SHEPEARD).

4. *Melanie, charming ghost, fascinates the living David Charleston.*

5. *Ellen Kirby* (BARBARA MULLEN), *champion of the cause of women; and Robert* (BARRY MORSE).

The M.-G.-M. film of "Thunder Rock" is due at the Empire on December 4, with Michael Redgrave in his stage rôle of David Charleston. Charleston, disgusted with the modern world, has gone to live alone in a lighthouse. His imagination and a trick of relativity bring to life the passengers drowned in a shipwreck ninety years ago. All were escaping from Europe because of various wrongs. They hear from Charleston that these have all been righted; and rest peacefully. He sees that he must not himself give up the struggle, and decides to leave the lighthouse.

JACK AND JOHN—AND MARY.*

By PETER JACKSON.

THIS hotel (said the man in the deck-chair) seems to have been stuck on the side of the mountain by a capricious child. Look at that view. Do you know, but for a poet and a telephone I should have missed all this—the blue of the lake, those purples at the bottom of the valley, that patch of yellow by the church, the pearl-grey of those clouds where the mountain-peaks dissolve into them.

Mind you, I 'm not saying the telephone doesn't still interest me. I often wonder what Alexander the Great, or Julius Cæsar, or any guy in those days would have said if he had picked up an inanimate piece of ebonite and heard it say: "This is Central 1234." Would he have said: "Good morning, Central 1234"?

The poet? I went to college with him, same age, much about the same-looking sort of chap as myself. I used to get top at mathematics, while he used to score at Shakespeare and Shelley and Keats. Keats!

As boys, we loathed each other, and, indeed, after we grew up. But you know what life is—you have to come to a compromise, kind of tolerate the other fellow, if you 're going to get anywhere at all. He never worried about how he lived, where the next dime was coming from to buy a crust. Give him a sunset, or a bird singing, or a ship sailing out to sea, and he was satisfied.

Somehow, I could never get separated from him. Of course, I 'm glad now, as things have turned out. But there have been times when I 've had him hanging round my neck when I haven't had too much to keep myself with, and there he was, holding out his hand for his nickel for his hot dogs, or a patch on his shoes. And never even the hint of a promise to pay me back.

At college we were both named Jack. Jack Edwards, that was me. But Mary hit on the idea of calling us John and Jack to distinguish between us. Mary 's my wife—you 've seen her. Do you know, she 's thirty-seven. Doesn't look a day over thirty, does she? We 're on our second honeymoon. Twelve years since the first. All we could afford in those times was three days. This one is going to last thirty or forty years—till the end. And all due to that poet—and Mary, of course. And the telephone. Gee! I 'm getting all het-up.

We both courted her. We used to go about together—the three of us. She used to kiss us both good-night. She would say:

"Really, I don't know which of you I like better. But I think—I think I like John. But what am I to do? If Jack is left to himself, he 'll go to the dogs. Somebody 's got to look after him." Then perhaps, after she had closed the front door and we were both waiting on the step, she would open again and say: "To-morrow night it 's Jack's turn."

That meant going down town, a couple of drinks, a little snack somewhere, a show, perhaps, or a dance, and, if there was money, a taxi home. That was my night.

But perhaps she would say: "To-morrow night it 's John."

Well, that was a ride out on the street-car to the edge of the country, a tramp over the fields to the woods, coffee from a flask, and biscuits, with the clouds in the blue sky, and the birds in the branches.

"You two," she used to say. "What shall I do with both of you?"

In the end, we had a kind of conference. John said: "I love Mary, and she loves me. If we marry, she 'll probably starve, or have to go to work to keep the pair of us. Still, she might enjoy doing that if she had me."

Now, I 'm a practical sort of fellow. I said: "You can't love Mary, or you wouldn't ask her to do that. I 'm willing to work and provide her with a home. And, don't forget, I love her too. Mary," I said, "you 're going to marry me."

She sighed and thought a long while. Then she said: "Okay, Jack. Let 's get started. But I 'm going to see as much of poor old John as I can."

"Sure," I said. "We 'll have old John at home in the evenings, and week-ends. I 've never been able to get rid of him since I was a boy, and I don't suppose I shall now just because I get married."

I used to get my living by running a little buying and selling agency, up in an attic. One office-boy and a telephone—one of the old type, with a separate earpiece on a bit of string. I used to deal in anything—coal, old cars, occasional real estate.

One day the boy suggested: "Why not have two telephones, boss? While you 're buying something on one, I could be selling it on the other."

Surprising how business increased. I learned to work two telephones at once. My office began to be an adventure. I made two rules: never to refuse to buy anything, and never to grant an interview. You don't have to take people out for drinks and eats over the telephone—saves time.

Mary started getting new hats. I shifted down to the next floor. More spacious, with three telephones. My reputation began to grow. John used to come in the evenings, but he seemed to be less important to us. I don't know whether he felt he wasn't wanted—probably poets are sensitive. He began to skip a night—then two.

I engaged a secretary. We bought a car and used to run out of town at week-ends. Sometimes John would come, but more often than not I was thinking up new schemes. I got eager to be back at my office.

Down to the next floor. Three rooms and a private office. Four girls and the office-boy, called manager. Six telephones all to myself. And I could work them all at once. I bought anything—ships at sea, coal-mines, banks. And sold 'em.

I suppose, like me, Mary was carried away by this prosperity. She had her own car, with a coloured chauffeur, something which, for some strange reason, she had always wanted.

John became a memory. We never talked of him. Mary and I saw less and less of each other. The three of us drifted apart—no antipathy or intention, just circumstances, you might say.

Telephone Development rang me one morning. He said he was sending round a plan of a new office for me.

"New office?" I screamed. "I 've only just moved into this one."

"I know," he said. "Ground floor, own entrance off the sidewalk. Don't miss the chance, Mr. Edwards."

That fellow knew his job. Private telephone exchange, twenty clerks, the office-boy a real manager.

My own place was a marvel of chromium and white enamel. You must have heard of me—Jack Edwards. In that office I bought and sold a chain-stores in fifty-seven seconds.

But when it 's night-time in Italy—if you are dealing round the world, clock-time don't make sense. Mary refused to have a telephone in her bedroom. So when we moved to a new apartment, I had a bedroom to myself. Calls came through from the other end of the earth at any time of the night.

Mary and I were as good as separated now. She was occupied with her own life, her name in the newspaper socialite columns. I with mine—my work. I suppose I should soon have been a millionaire. Everybody rang me to sell or to buy. I got to dreaming about calls when I went to bed.

Then one day Mary called me. She said: "Jack, I want you to meet me at dinner to-night at Scutelli's."

We hadn't been out together for months. I said: "My dear, I 'd like to very much. But to-night 's impossible. I 've got a big deal coming through. Must be on the spot."

"You can't let me down, either," she said. "I want to talk to you about our divorce. John 's coming."

"Divorce?" I shouted.

"Eight o'clock," she said. "Don't forget, John 's coming."

"That long-haired waster!" I yelled. But she 'd rung off.

What could I do—with Mary talking about divorce? Of course, I went. That poet was there, very uncomfortable and self-effacing, awkward at meeting us again after such an interval. Mary was dressed like a middle-class housewife on a night out. She was serious, too.

"You want champagne," I said. "You 're not yourself."

"I want just ice-water," she said. "That 's all. I 've come to myself after a long time. Jack, I 'm going to divorce you."

The waiter brought the soup, and across it I looked at Mary. I don't think I ever wanted to keep her more than at that moment. You can't figure what a beautiful character Mary has. What fools we 'd been.

"If that 's the way you feel," I said, "there seems nothing else for it." All the wasted years seemed to file past. I said: "Can I know who the other fellow is?"

"Who else could it be?" she said, simply. "While I was out this morning I heard a bird singing, and I realised that I loved John."

I had an awful big lump in my throat. Who else could it have been? I was feeling pretty bad at that.

"Mary," I said, "you always did like that guy better than me."

"Perhaps," she said. "But you 've had twelve years of me, and finished by neglecting me. Now it 's John's turn. He still can't make money, but you have enough to keep us both for the rest of our lives."

"You 're asking too much of a man," I said.

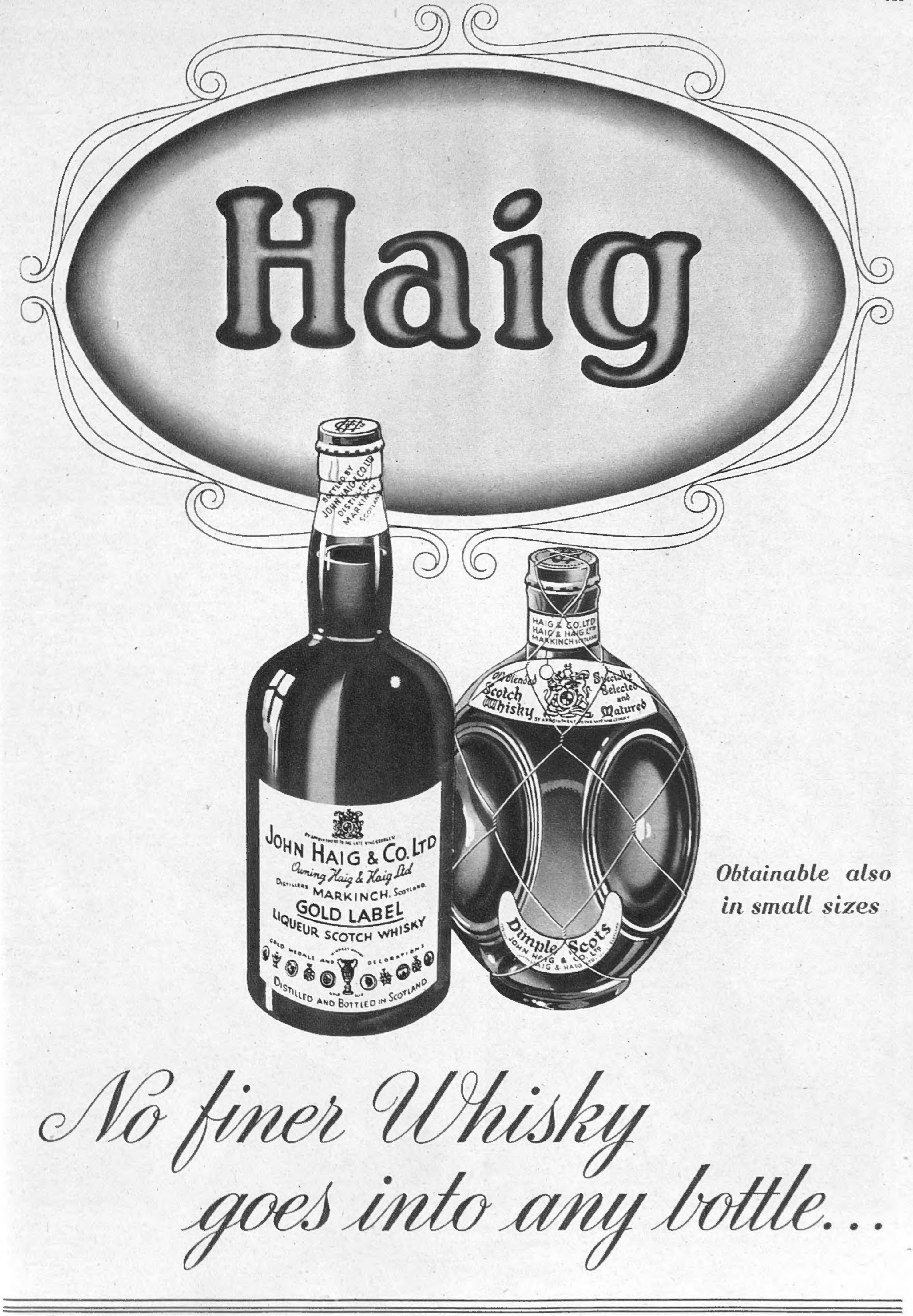
"No, I 'm not," said Mary. "And there are plenty of telephones around. Get busy, and get things fixed right now. John and I aren't going to waste any more time. We 're leaving in the morning, so start the machinery."

So I did, right away. My office-boy took over the agency. I was surprised how rich I was. And, sure enough, the next day Mary and John hit the trail and that 's why we 're here.

However I managed to live for twelve years listening to telephones jangling beats me. Look at that view, Sir. There 's twenty different greens on that meadow, and that yellow by the church——

Where 's John? Gosh! I 've been trying to tell you. I 'm John. Mary won't call me Jack any more. No, Sir! [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*


Haig
BOTTLED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD DISTILLERS MARKINCH SCOTLAND
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD
Owning Haig & Haig Ltd
DISTILLERS MARKINCH. SCOTLAND
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
GOLD MEDALS AND DECORATIONS
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
HAIG & CO. LTD HAIG & HAIG LTD MARKINCH SCOTLAND
Old Blended Scotch Whisky
Specially Selected and Matured
Dimple Scots
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD
Obtainable also in small sizes
No finer Whisky goes into any bottle...

WOMEN IN WARTIME

TWEED UTILITY OUTFITS

HATS OF KID AND FELT

ABOVE is a model of a totally different character, also from Swan and Edgar's. It is of felt, trimmed with pheasant quills; these are very scarce, so it is pleasant news that they may be removed if desired, and worn only on special occasions. Of country hats in various materials there is a large collection; their weight is insignificant and they set well down on the head. Many of them are in cheerful colours, and the prices are moderate.

NO one can cavil at the Utility outfit portrayed above, which consists of all wool tweed coat and trousers. As will be noticed, the trousers are not turned up at the hem. Lillywhite, Piccadilly, are making a feature of the same in small and large checks, as well as in plain colours. If desired, a skirt may be substituted for the trousers, both of which may be obtained separately; this is important.

IT is wonderful the ingenuity of the creators of hats in discovering unusual materials for the making of them. The one above comes from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, and is carried out in natural-coloured kid. It looks as well during the winter months as in the spring; dusting with velvet will remove any dust or dirt that has accumulated during the day. This material is used for bérets, as well as for the "pancake." They alone are well worth a visit to view.

HERE is another kid hat from Swan and Edgar's. The colour is just off-white, the trimming being of black felt and held in position by very narrow elastic. Generally speaking, there are many unusual shapes to be seen in these salons; some have high-peaked crowns with narrow brims, while the Spanish influence is noticeable in others. Not veils, but draperies of soft chiffon have come into their own; they are sufficiently large to be arranged around the neck and protect the hair.

SHE SAVES FUEL . . . SHE WEARS

'GOR-RAY'

WITH its side pleats tapering off from a full skirt to snug-fitting single material over the hips, this GOR-RAY skirt creation is smartness itself. Practical, too, for it permits maximum leg freedom with the amount of material it is permissible to use. And how slenderising! Sidepleat Skirts are stocked by GOR-RAY agents everywhere.

Have you seen the new GOR-RAY "ZWOW" Fastening?

Issued by C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire

Sidepleat Skirts

The 'GOR-RAY' LABEL IS ON THE WAISTBAND OF EVERY GENUINE 'GOR-RAY' SKIRT

Your Greatcoat

Good material + good tailoring = one Austin Reed greatcoat. Warm and weatherproof, serviceable from all viewpoints, good looking from all angles.

AUSTIN REED

of Regent Street

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 · 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2. Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. *Also at* Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bothwell, Coventry, Dunbar, Grantham, Hove, Llandudno, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks). London Telephone: Regent 6789.

Detailed efficiency is the essence of successful warfare

To-day, on every fighting front, the wisdom of high-grade and carefully chosen equipment has been fully borne out.

Burberrys, in the sphere of Officers' Uniforms and Weatherproofs, stand the front-line test for quality of material, resistance to wear, perfection of cut.

Call, Write or Phone:

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1

WHItehall 3343

Basingstoke and Aldershot

Agents in all Principal Towns

FERRANTI
Radiant Electric **FIRE**

FIRST · FOREMOST HOTTEST

•

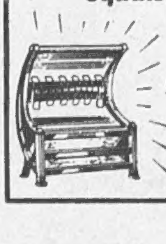
Get the most heat from your fuel units

EVEN with maximum thrift, in cold weather a ½ cwt. of coal doesn't go far. But a 1,000-watts Ferranti Fire provides fully 50 hours of healthy radiant warmth. Using the switch wisely, as you enter and leave the room, a lounge or drawing-room can be comfortably used all winter for very few of your valued Fuel Units.

ONE FUEL UNIT

equals ½ cwt. of coal ...

OR



50 hours constant heat from your Ferranti 1000w. Fire

•

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER, 10

London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

FF286b